Converting a Backslider

A FOURTH OF JULY STORY OF THE CANADIAN WOODS

By WRIGHT A. PATTERSON

IT WAS a mysterious looking box that Yorker carried on that trip to Canada. That is it was mysterious to me, for I usually knew everything that went to make up our camping and fishing equipment. When I asked about it he gave me to understand in a vague way that it contained sketching materials—Yorker was the artist of the party—and I let it go at that, and thought nothing more of it until we reached Port Huron, and the Canadian customs official visited us.

"What's in that box?" he asked, after he had examined our suit cases and fishing tackle in a perfunctory way.

"Nothing that is dutiable in Canada," said Yorker, but the answer simply aroused the official's suspicions, and, even though he was from Canada, he had to be shown.

It was just then that a fellow passenger on the train called me to ask for information regarding the fishing in one of the Muskoka lakes, and I left for a moment. As I returned I heard the customs officer say, as he walked away:

"Don't think you could sell those things in Canada, so I guess it's all right."

That was the last said about that box other than to condemn it as needless baggage at times when it had to be portaged from one lake to another

MOORE WENT THREE FEET OR MORE INTO THE AIR.

in getting into our fishing grounds that lay a few miles west of the Muskoka chain of lakes. Once the box was stowed away in the cabin neither myself or any of the others of the party who had joined us at Toronto, coming from the east and south, thought more about it.

We had left Chicago that year the last of June for our annual pilgrimage to the fishing waters of Canada, and had planted our feet on the shores of Kahpeekog on the evening of July 1. Personally I had been rather pleased at the idea of escaping to the king's dominions for the Fourth of July, so that I might escape the noise of the city usual on that day, and I think the others of the party were somewhat of the same mind. But by the evening of the third we were all ready to admit that we might have missed something by not having taken our vacation a few days later and remaining in the States to hear the eagle scream.

"This," said Charley, as we were sitting in front of the cabin after a day of unusual good luck with the rod, "is as near heaven as a man can expect to get in this world—but—"

"I can finish that for you," said Smith. —"But I would like to be in Buffalo to-morrow to hear the eagle scream, and shoot off a few cannon crackers in the front yard. I am just beginning to appreciate the Fourth of July, now that I am away from it."

"That is one of the luxuries of the States that I can get along very well without," said Moore, the guide.

"Shouldn't wonder a bit at that," returned Smith. "The screeching of the eagle isn't conducive to pleasant memories over here, is it?"

"Oh, you can't hurt me that way," returned Moore. "I ain't all Canuck, even though I do take off my hat to the Union Jack. I was born down in Vermont, but I am going to tell you fellows that this land is good enough for me any day, and I'm not sighing any to hear the eagle screech."

Smith, who is the most aggressively patriotic of the crowd, started in to read Moore a lecture for having deserted his country, and things might have gotten warm enough to explode had the others not have made an effort to put a stop to it, and hustle everybody off to bed.

Yorker was the only one up early the next morning, which was unusual for Yorker, and when the rest of us got out we found he had erected a flag pole from which Old Glory was flying. It was a goodly sight, and our applause brought Moore to the cabin door. When he saw the flag he announced that it should not fly without a Union Jack beside it "to keep it company and take the curse off," and got no breakfast until he had fished out a diminutive bit of canvas and hoisted it onto a flag pole.

After breakfast, in accordance with established custom, we congregated about the front of the cabin to discuss plans for the day. It was then that we discovered what the contents of Yorker's box were.

Moore was sitting on an empty cracker box that was turned sideways, leaving the open side back of him. He was elaborating with all the ardor of a born fisherman the gamey qualities of the bass to be caught in the lake just south of us, and advising an expedition in that direction, when—

Bang! Bang!! Bang!!!

The explosion was terrific. The great forest stretching out for miles behind and on either side of the cabin and the granite bluffs along the shores of the lake in front reechoed the report. Moore went three feet or more straight up into the air. He always insists that he was blown up, but it is my private opinion that he jumped.

"Bang!"

It was another from the back of the cabin, and Moore jumped again.

"Bang! Bang!!"

Two more explosions, this time almost under the guide's feet, and he unceremoniously took to the cabin. From that safe retreat he poked his head out of the door to curse Yorker, and condemn in unequivocal terms such "unholy carrying on."

"Hurrah for the Fourth!" shouted Smith, who had been too much astonished to give vent to his feelings earlier. "Where did you get the crackers, anyway?"

"Out of the box you were swearing about at the portage the other day," replied Yorker.

"Bang!"

That one had been set ingeniously in the crack of the cabin door, and the explosion burst it open.

"Crack-crack-crackety-crack-crack!"

Smith had gotten hold of a bunch of small ones, and the continuous rattle brought Moore to the door to see what was happening. He stood watching the proceedings for a little while, and I could see that he was not so averse to it all as he would have us believe. After a little while he came out and took down his diminutive Union Jack.

"It don't belong in any such a din as this," he explained.

The box was not very large, and a portion of it was filled with fireworks for a night display, so that the supply of explosives was soon exhausted, and the crowd sat around the front of the cabin wishing for more. Then it was that Moore's turn came. He had found an old coffee can with a screw top, and putting in a goodly supply of powder had packed it tight with paper and applied a fuse. Lighting it he slipped up close behind Yorker and, before that individual had discovered the presence of the infernal machine, it exploded with a terrific bang that sent Yorker into the air with a bound.

In his pleasure at the success of his retaliation Moore forgot all about his early anger, and entered into the spirit of the celebration with an enthusiasm worthy of a son of the revolution. He donated his supply of loose powder, kept carefully against the day when his rifle ammunition should run short, and when that was exhausted, thanks to his assistance, he got out his rifle and amused himself by firing into the air until, tiring of that, he set to work to unload shells enough to secure sufficient powder to fix up another coffee can.

Before noon came Moore was the most hilarious one of the crowd, and the loudest in his lamentations at the exhaustion of the noise producing material, though he insisted that it was "just the sport of the thing" that appealed to him, and that there was no sentiment connected with it. He devoted the afternoon to fixing up the fishing punt for the evening fireworks, proposing that they be exploded from on the water, and what is more, he asked that he might be allowed to shoot them off while the rest of us sat on the shore and watched the display.

It was after ten o'clock that evening when the last colored ball from the last Roman candle had burst in the clear northern air, and Moore rowed the punt back to shore. For some little time afterwards he sat on a stump smoking. Finally he said:

"Gentlemen, I'm an American. I was born back there in the States, and the blood's still in my veins. This land of lakes and forests, this land with its wild red deer and its moose and its black bear and its game fish, is a paradise the majority of the year. But, gentlemen, while I should like to be with you next year I will not be here on the Fourth of July. That one day of each year hereafter while I live will be spent in my native land. It will be spent in old Vermont, where the supply of firecrackers, and torpedoes, and sky rockets, and Roman candles, and pin wheels, and nigger chasers are inexhaustible. I am going to put a new kink in the lion's tail that he will never get untangled. At any other time of the year I am at your service at Foote's Bay, Ontario. And now, thanking you for the most enjoyable day of my life, I bid you good-night."

POLLY'S FOURTH OF JULY.

Even a Parrot Can Cry, "Hurrah for George Washington" at the Proper Time.

Polly was a middle-aged parrot, whose early days had been spent in the green forests of Yucatan in Central America. I had long tried to teach Polly to speak, and had taught her to say a few short sentences.

About eight weeks before the Fourth of July I tried to teach Polly to say "Hurrah for George Washington." But she would not repeat it after me. Then I thought it might be too long to say it all at once—that she probably could not remember it all, so I tried to teach her to say it word for word. But no; she wouldn't say a word of it.

Yet she listened attentively when I repeated it. Then I got disgusted and gave it up till a week or so before the Fourth; then I tried to make her say it, but she would not listen to me now. So when the morning of the Fourth came I went out to Polly. She said: "Hello." I answered: "Hello, Poll; can't you say 'Hurrah for George Washington' for me?" Then she became furious and flew to the other side of her cage and would not look at me, so I finished feeding her. I went into my room and got my firecrackers, went outside, and was shooting my fireworks away when mother called to come in for luncheon. After luncheon I had to stay in the yard, so I went and got Polly and hung her up on the veranda, put up the hammock and was reading St. Nicholas, when along the street comes the street band playing "Star-Spangled Banner."

Then all of a sudden Polly became restless and cries as loud as she can: "Hurrah for George Washington!" This is the story of Polly's Fourth.—St. Nicholas.

AN OLD-FASHIONED FOURTH OF JULY.

These new-fangled notions are giving the boys
A queer kind of Fourth—one without any noise;
With speeches and picnics no patience have I,
And I pine for the old-fashioned Fourth of July.

Then we rose with the dawn and the cannon came first—
We packed it with powder till ready to burst—
And my! how the glass in the windows did fly
When it startled the echoes of Fourth of July.

We hitched up old Dobin, and all tumbled in
The roomy old wagon—the fat and the thin—
Even grandma was there, and as chipper and spry
As any young maiden the Fourth of July.

We went to the barbecue—who cared for showers;
When the feast was a-flutter with banners and flowers;
And if down came the rain in the midst of it, why,
It was part of an old-fashioned Fourth of July.

The rockets and pinwheels and firecrackers, too,
At evening all joined in the hullabaloo.
And Washington rode on his horse in the sky—
A figure in flame on the Fourth of July.

The band marching out in their uniforms gay
Struck up by the light of the bonfires to play
The Star-Spangled Banner and Sweet By and By,
And so ended a glorious Fourth of July.
—Minna Irving, in Woman's Home Companion.

A Difficulty.

"What we want," said the thoughtful citizen, "is an old-fashioned Fourth of July."

"Of course we do," answered the flippant person. "But you will encounter the same old difficulty. It's ten times as easy to set off a pack of firecrackers as it is to recite the Declaration of Independence. And you'll get 20 times as many people to stop and pay attention to it."

In Season.

Stubb—Hello, old man buying your skyrockets and Roman candles already?

Penn—Yes, you know they are bound to go up about the Fourth of July.—Chicago Daily News.

Finds Big Bill in Bible.

To find a $100 note between the leaves of a Bible purchased for 27 cents was the good fortune of Mrs. John T. Foreman, of Hanover, Pa. At the public sale recently held by Jacob B. Wildasin, a son of Mrs. Foreman bought the Bible. The other day was the first time they thought of reading it, and Mrs. Foreman was agreeably surprised to find between the leaves an old but well preserved $100 note.

A bit of color against the blue;
Hues of the morning; blue for true,
And red for the kindling light of flame,
And white for a nation's stainless fame.
Oh! fling it forth to the winds afar,
With hope in its every shining star;
Under its folds, wherever found,
Thank God, we have Freedom's holy ground!

Don't you love it, as out it floats
From the schoolhouse peak; and glad young throats
Sing of the banner that aye shall be
Symbol of honor and victory?
Don't you thrill when the marching feet
Of jubilant soldiers shake the street,
And the bugles shrill, and the trumpets call,
And the red, white and blue is over us all?
Don't you pray, amid starting tears,
It may never be furled through age-long years?

A song for our flag, our country's boast,
That gathers beneath it a mighty host;
Long may it wave o'er the goodly land
We hold in fee 'neath our Father's hand;
For God and liberty evermore
May that banner stand from shore to shore,
Never to those high meanings lost,
Never with alien standards crossed,
But always valiant and pure and true,
Our starry flag, red, white and blue.
—Young People.

TOY PISTOLS ARE FATAL.

Some Reasons Why This Favorite Plaything of the Fourth Is Dangerous to Life.

The mortality from the toy pistol is appalling, and the death from it, which is by lockjaw, is horrible. In Chicago in one July those dying from this cause numbered 60 and in another 24. In New York city three consecutive fourth of Julys yielded 98 such deaths.

That the tetanus bacillus which causes lockjaw is not present in the powder or wad of the toy pistol cartridge has been shown by Wells of Chicago, who examined 200 of them; the Boston health officers, who examined 350; and army officers, who tested 675. Therefore the microbes of the disease are on the skin and are driven into the wound made by the pistol.

That they are on the hands of the jollifying boy is not surprising, for their sports abound in many soils and especially about stables. This germ is harmless while exposed to the air, but multiplies and rapidly produces its virulent poison when given warmth and moisture where air is excluded. On this account all accidents from exploding powder should be disinfected by a doctor and should not be wrapped up.

CANNON CRACKERS.

Evened Things Up.

Teddy and Fay were each given ten cents for their Fourth of July treat.

"You buy ice cream soda wif yours, Fay, and give me half, and I'll buy firecrackers—"

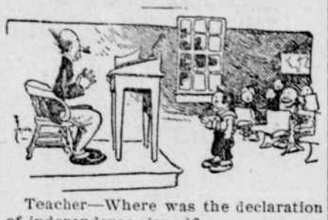
"No, I won't, never," interrupted Fay; "you'll drink half of my treat, and then you'll fire off the bunch of crackers all to yourself."

"Well," shouted Teddy, "won't you have half of the noise, smarty?"—Lippincott's.

A "Don't" for the Fourth.

Don't tell your long-suffering son as he sets fire to a whole bunch of firecrackers at one time how his father had but one bunch for the whole day when he was a boy, because if you will stop to think the story must be a chestnut to him, considering how many times you have told it already.—Chicago Daily News.

HISTORICAL ACCURACY.



Teacher—Where was the declaration of independence signed?

Tommy—At the bottom.—Chicago Daily News.

Not Their Style.

"What's the matter with McBride? Hasn't he any tact?"

"Hardly. He came over on the steamer with two Englishmen and insisted upon their celebrating the Fourth of July with him."—Life.

The Fireworks Corps.

"How do you celebrate the Fourth of July?"

"Well, we take care of the Jones children half the day, and the Joneses take care of our children the other half.—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Busy Season.

"Aren't you going to celebrate the glorious Fourth"

"Don't believe I'll have time," said the physician, "unless I make arrangements to use red, white and blue bandages."—Washington Star.

No Independence.

Tyed—This is the Fourth of July.

Knotley—Why don't you say Independence Day?

Tyed—It is also the anniversary of my marriage.—Brooklyn Life.

Well Provided.

Hank—Say, there's an eight-fingered boy at the museum!

William—Gee! Wish I had that many so's I could afford to lose some on the Fourth.

How Changed!

"How did you come to fall in love with mamma, pop?"

"Oh, my son, she happened to be playing in an amateur pantomime."—Yonkers Statesman.

Among Our Obligations.

The Professor—We owe a great deal to chemistry—

Friend—Yes, indeed. To chemistry, for instance, we owe a great many of our blondes.—Judge.

A Modern Gunpowder Plot

A FOURTH OF JULY STORY

By CAROLINE MILLS

PROFESSOR GRAY had a great many ideas and opinions; indeed, it was his business to have them, for he had been a teacher over 20 years. Many of his theories lay in the direction of training the youthful mind. He had three children and on them he worked out his pet schemes. One of his ideas was this: that children should be told the truth always.

"It is a bad course," he would say, "to let children read and hear so many fictitious stories. Why not give them historical stories which shall teach as well as amuse?"

So that was the plan he pursued with his family. Each year he took up the history of a different country and all the stories the children read or heard that year must be of that particular nation.

Three years ago they were studying English history. One evening toward the end of June the family were seated on the front veranda enjoying the evening air.

"Father," said Clifford, the elder son, suddenly, "won't you tell us a story?"

"Oh, yes, do," urged Ruth, the only sister.

"Make it a Fourth of July story," Clarence put in enthusiastically.

"How can I?" said the professor, in doubt. "You know they don't celebrate the 'Glorious Fourth' in England."

"Oh, you can certainly get up something," Clifford insisted.

The professor sat thinking for a few moments, and then he said:

"Well, I'll tell you about the Gunpowder Plot. It has nothing to do with

CLIFFORD, WHO WAS THE GUY FAWKES OF THE CONSPIRACY, TOUCHED A MATCH TO THE END OF THE ROPE.

the Fourth of July, but it treats of explosives, so I suppose it will suit you just as well."

The children settled themselves delightedly, and the professor began. He was a charming story-teller, and the children sat spellbound until he had finished. The tale made a great impression, and especially on Clifford. The next day, when he and his playfellows were lying on the grass in the shade, too lazy to play on account of the heat, Cliffoffrd told the story to them, and concluded by saying:

"Boys, I've got a scheme. Let's us get up a 'gunpowder plot' for the Fourth. Only we won't have ours just like the story, for ours shall go off as it ought. We can have it on that vacant block across the street. We'll dig a cellar and then build a sort of a house on top for the parliament building."

"Yes, and make the house of tin cans and such things, so it will make a terrible noise when it goes off," said Frank Middlebury.

So it went on and soon the plans were all laid.

The next day they began operations, and worked desperately, as boys will for play, all morning. Day after day the work went on. Both boys and girls of the neighborhood were wild with curiosity to know what they were about, but never a word of information could they get from any of the workers. Even Ruth Gray did not know what they were doing until she accidentally overheard Clifford say something to Clarence about the "gunpowder plot." Then she was all interest and wanted to join the conspirators herself.

"There weren't any ladies in it," Clarence replied, scornfully, when she asked him about it.

"Oh, well, that doesn't make any difference and I want to so bad."

"Well, you ask Cliff."

And when she asked Clifford he put her off very contemptuously. Then Ruth began to cry and told him he was "real mean."

But no amount of teasing made any difference. Clifford was obstinate. Ruth was not admitted to the plot.

At last the morning of the Fourth arrived. The conspirators had agreed that "parliament" should be assembled and the gunpowder in the cellar "set off" at 12 exactly, as they would all have returned from the public exercises of the morning by that time.

The day wore on. The usual popping and banging of a typical Fourth of July continued very steadily. It was nearing 12 o'clock and one by one five boys appeared on the scene near the "parliament building."

Issuing from one side of this "tin can" house was a rope which extended about ten feet out of the house. The end of this rope was to be lighted and then the boys were to run away and watch proceedings. The rope communicated with a quantity of firecrackers underneath the house. All the pocket money that five boys could save and earn for a week had been invested in explosives and stored away there for the Fourth.

Finally the appointed moment arrived. Clifford, who was the Guy Fawkes of the conspiracy, touched a lighted match to the end of the rope. Then the five boys stepped back to a safe distance. Very eagerly they watched the progress of the tiny point of fire moving slowly along the rope. Closer and closer to its destination crept the spark.

"It's getting there, boys," said Frank Middlebury.

"Landy! won't it be great?" cried another.

"Watch it! It's nearly there!" Clifford exclaimed.

Sure enough the tiny flame had reached the boundary of the house. It was creeping inside. An instant—and all would be over. The building, and the members of parliament, supposed to be seated inside, would only be a memory. None of the five said a word and each held his breath in expectation of the terrific crash.

"It's coming now!" shouted Frank as they heard the report of one small firecracker.

But it didn't come as fast as they expected.

"It takes awful long," Clarence said in a discouraged tone.

Yes, it did take a very long time. Five minutes passed, in fact, and still no greater sound had they heard than the one small cracker.

"What's the matter with the thing?" said one boy.

"Maybe the rope was tangled up inside," suggested Frank.

"No it wasn't, either," answered another in disgust.

"You were here first, Cliff. Didn't you go in and look at things to see if they were all right?"

"I looked just before I started down to see the procession and I didn't have time to look again after I came back before you got here."

"Say, boys, somebody's been meddling, I think," said Frank.

"Oh, pshaw! I don't. It'll go off yet," Clarence persisted.

"Well, I'm going to go and look," said Cliff.

The other boys were a little timid about approaching the "tin can" house, but Clifford, with the true Guy Fawkes spirit, went straight ahead and peeped in at the opening. The others confidently expected to see his head blown off, but nothing of the kind happened, nor was it likely to have taken place. For what do you suppose Clifford saw as he looked in? Well, it was truly enough to make his blood boil. There was not a sign of a firecracker to be seen, and instead, there lay the end of the burn rope in a pail of water. Clifford stepped back and beckoned to the other boys. He was literally speechless. When all had taken a peep at the disappointing scene, the indignant conspirators of the "gunpowder plot" at once hurried over to the Gray's house. As it happened the professor was at home. With loud voices and excited gestures, the boys told their story, interspersed now and then with wild conjectures as to the probable perpetrators of the trick. The professor heard them out, and just as he was beginning to speak in serious reproof of their daring scheme the door opened and Ruth came in. To the surprise of everyone her arms were piled high with firecrackers. She flung them impulsively on the floor at the boys' feet, and exclaimed, in defiance: "There are your hateful old firecrackers!"

At first all present were amazed, then a look of contempt overspread the boys' faces such as would have been a study for a painter. The professor spoke gravely:

"Why, Ruth, you ought not to have taken the boys' crackers. If you knew that their plan was a dangerous one, you should have told me about it."

"I wouldn't be a tale-bearer." She raised her head proudly. "I did it because they wouldn't let me be in it."

The professor hardly knew what to say, for the scheme of the boys had been a dangerous one, and it was well that it had been interrupted; yet Ruth had done a wrong thing to take the crackers as she had. He explained to the boys what a serious thing they had planned, what harm it might have done, and added:

"Here are your crackers. Go, fire them in the time-honored way, and don't let me hear of any more such enterprises as this." Then he smiled. "And, boys, you must learn sooner or later that you cannot outwit a woman, be she little or big."

The boys, crestfallen at so commonplace a conclusion to their daring plot, filed out, the crackers in their arms. The professor was left alone with Ruth to point out to her the error of her ways.

Now, let me conclude with a little secret which must be kept just between ourselves. Come, let me whisper in your ear. Since then, Professor Gray himself has been a little more careful about the kind of historical incidents which he relates just before the Fourth of July.—Christian Work.

A Sophistry.

"Why do you shoot a lot of fireworks to show your patriotism, instead of learning the Declaration of Independence by heart?"

"For the reason," answered the man who is never at a loss for an answer, "that actions always speak louder than words."—Washington Star.

Moral Support.

"My wife told me to discharge the cook last night. I went out to the kitchen to do it, and I got the worst tongue lashing I ever had in my life."

"Well, you discharged the impudent thing, didn't you?"

"Discharge her? I didn't say a word to her. She was entertaining a husky policeman."—Chicago Tribune.

Leap-Year Episode.

Fred—Miss Elder has proposed three times within the past six weeks, but I can't make up my mind to accept her.

Joe—Has she got any money?

Fred—About $50,000, I understand.

Joe—Well, you are taking desprate chances, old man. Suppose she should stop proposing?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No Feathers for Her.

"My wife never wears feathers on her hats."

"Ah. Does she belong to the Audubon society?"

"No. They charge more for flowers than for feathers at the place where she gets goods."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Bright Outlook.

"Will your father give his consent?" asked the lover.

"Well, if father won't, mother will," replied the girl. "They never agree on anything, so we're sure to get the consent of one, and that is enough."—Chicago Post.

In the Parlor.

His words of love delight her,
She's such a lonely.
He makes her life much brighter
By turning down the gas.
—Philadelphia Press.

A GREATER DEPTH.

She—Do you remember last week, when we had a few words, I said that you were just as disagreeable as you could be, and that I hated you as much as I could hate anyone in this world?

He (anticipating apology)—Yes, I remember.

She—I didn't know you then as well as I do now, or I shouldn't have said that.—Ally Sloper.

Different Ways.

Now who shall tell me how to climb;
A mighty statesman's place to fill?
Some thrive by talking all the time
And some grow great by keeping still.
—Washington Star.

One of the Uses of Adversity.

"Adversity has its uses, you know."

"Yes, it gives the people who never could understand how we were able to live so high on our income a chance to look wise and say they knew it was coming."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Then All the Others Talk.

"Oh, yes, she's quite popular at social gatherings. She's a great one to keep the conversational ball a-rolling."

"Why, she isn't much of a talker."

"Oh, no, but she sings on the slightest provocation."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Accepted.

Mr. Plane (who is fond of dogs)—Miss Waite, don't you think you ought to have an intelligent animal about the house that would protect you and—

Miss Waite—Oh, Mr. Plane! This so sudden.—Philadelphia Press.

Turned Out Otherwise.

"You get a free pass over the railroad, don't you?" his wife asked him.

"Why—h'm—I thought it was free when it was first sent to me," was the guarded reply of the young congressman.—Chicago Tribune.

Superfluous.

Her Mother—Look here, Ernie, I thought your father told you not to encourage that young man?

Ernie—Oh, dear, mama, that young man doesn't need any encouragement.—Chicago Daily News.

Sure Enough.

Madge—Why don't you accept him if he offered to have his life insured in your favor?

Dolly—Because if he was a good risk for the company he was a bad one for me.—Town Topics.

Punishing the Scholars.

"Are people punished in cooking schools, pop, the same as they are in other schools?"

"Yes, my son, the pupils have to eat what they cook, sometimes."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Promoter.

"You say that man you introduced me to is a promoter?"

"Yes," answered the cynic.

"What does he promote?"

"His own interests, chiefly."—Washington Star.

A Distinction in Distinction.

Sidney—Don't you admire style?

Rodney—Oh, yes; I admire style, but I adore good manners.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Three for Twenty-Five.

Judge—I fine you ten dollars.

Prisoner—Don't you give any discount to regular customers?—Town Topics.

A Lovely Spot.

One of the loveliest spots I think
My vision ever saw,
Was when I wished an ace, to fill,
And got it in the draw.
—Yonkers Statesman.

DIFFICULT UNDERTAKING.

Chef of bon vivant, who is about to give a dinner—The composition of the menu presents serious difficulties. We couldn't get credit for anything except a basket of vegetables, eight rings, two boxes of caviar and a pie.—Fliegende Blatter.

Adding Fuel to the Flame.

"See here, you old addle-pated duffer," exclaimed the irate individual, as he entered the editorial sanctum of a village weekly, "I am told that you called me a loafer in your last issue."

"Sir," replied the editor, calmly, "you have been misinformed. We print only the latest news."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Too Wise for Her Years.

The Governess—Of course, you know, the story we have just read is merely a fairy tale, and there are many such quite familiar to childhood. Can you tell us another, Elsie?

Little Elsie—Oh, yes; you once told mamma that you had four proposals of marriage during your life!—Brooklyn Life.